

**[Kate Flenniken]**

W11054

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Accession no.

W11054

Date received 10/10/40

Consignment no. 1

Shipped from Wash. Office

Label

Amount 4p.

WPA L. C. PROJECT Writers' UNIT

Form[md]3 Folklore Collection (or Type)

Title Kate Flenniken (white) 80 years old.

Place of origin Winnsboro, S. C. Date 6/28/38

Project worker W. W. Dixon

Project editor

Remarks

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Project #1655

W. W. Dixon,

Winnsboro, S. C. 390566 KATE FLENNIKEN

(white) 80 YEARS OLD.

"My parents were Col. A. K. Patton and Ansley Patton of the Long Cane section, Abbeville County, South Carolina, but I was born while my mother was on a visit to relatives in Haversham County in the State of Georgia. My father was a brother of the late Prof. E. L. Patton of the South Carolina College, now University of South Carolina. I attended Woodlawn Academy, and was taught by my uncle, Edward L. Patton.

"There were many Union men in our settlement opposed to nullification and secession. A tragedy in our family grew out of these political issues. My grandfather had been selected by a group of families opposed to nullification to go to Tennessee with the idea of looking about for lands to purchase, so they could move there in a body. On the way, he was ambushed and killed by the Murray gang, as they were known in those days. The murderer, a man named Dooley, was caught, tried, convicted, and hanged for the deed.

"I heard my husband, Mr. Flenniken, talking to you about the blue-back speller for beginners. Well, I remember there was a reading lesson in that book at the end of each spelling lesson, and some of the sentences were full of wisdom and knowledge. As examples, I give these:

1. Visitors should not make their visits too long.
2. A judge must not be a bad man.
3. The first joint of a man's thumb is one inch long.

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4. A gambler wants to get money without earning it.

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5. There is a near intimacy between drunkenness and poverty.

6. A virago is a turbulent, masculine woman.

7. Pompions are now commonly called pumpkins.

8. One good action is worth many good thoughts.

"I remember the quilting parties in our neighborhood. When the crops were laid by in the summer, quilting parties would begin, and they were held at different plantation homes in the community until late in the fall of the year. Generally each home had one frame of slats. To the home where the party took place, neighbors would bring their frames, and sometimes as many as four quilts were being made at the same time. The quilt frames were arranged on the floor of the room in a rectangle the size of the quilt to be made. A narrow strip of cloth was tacked to the frames all around and the lining of the quilt was sewed to this strip. The frames were then lifted up about the height of a table and rested on their backs. Then the cotton or wool was carded and spread in uniform layers on the lining between the frames. The top of the quilt was assigned to individuals. For instance, each lady would undertake to sew and make a number of squares from the material; another, so many, and so on. As the squares were finished, these were sewed together by others in attendance, until the top of the quilt was completed as a whole. Then the top was placed on the cotton, and the stitching began, from right to left of the frame, the thread going through the bottom lining, cotton, and top covering. The folds could be rolled back as the work went on.

"On some occasions a 'crazy quilt' would be made out of the scraps of satin, silk, and bright colored material. No cotton was used in making the 'crazy quilt'. Some colored cotton cloth was generally used for the 3 lining or under part of these quilts. They were

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made for beauty and show, instead of warmth and comfort. Every bride in those days was presented with one of such quilts.

In connection with one of the quiltings, a party was given at the home of the quilting, and, out of this social festivity, I opine that some boy was inspired, by a girl named Nellie, to write the song, 'Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party.'

"My father, Col. A. K. Patton was killed at the first battle of Shiloh. He was an attorney at law, at Abbeville, before the Civil War. I was brought up from childhood in the Associate Reformed Presbyterian faith and doctrine. Every Sabbath morning the slaves were congregated in the dining room of our home and taught the Shorter Catechism.

I was married to my husband, Warren H. Flenniken, at Abbeville, in 1881, and came as a bride to Winnsboro.

"Outside of our church work and immediate family welfare, I have been deeply interested in the erection of the Confederate Monument in Winnsboro, and in the observance of Memorial Day.

"Shortly after our marriage in the early eighties, the women of Fairfield County organized the Ladies Memorial Association. This, by the way, was the virtual beginning of the present U.D.C. Chapter, which came into existence twenty years later. We ladies worked with one and in view, that of erecting a suitable memorial to the brave man of Fairfield who fought and sacrificed so much for a cause they believed was right. After years of planning and hard work, in the way of entertainments, such as strawberry and ice cream parties and festival suppers, enough money was on hand to build a monument of our own Fairfield granite. But it was not until the Memorial Association was merged into the United 4 Daughters of the Confederacy that the monument was placed and dedicated in the public square at the intersection of Washington and Congress Streets in Winnsboro.

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"In those days an outstanding occasion of the whole year was Memorial Day. An elaborate program was arranged and carried out. Pride and pleasure thrilled the hearts of the young girls of the town, as they took part in the parade, all dressed alike in costumes made especially for the occasion. The procession marched up Congress Street, headed by the Gordon Light Infantry, with the old veterans bringing up the rear, all keeping step to the music of our own brass band. Mrs. W. R. Robertson was the first president of the association; Mrs. H. A. Gaillard succeeded her and served a number of years; and she was followed by Mrs. Sailing Wolfe, who I think was the grandmother of Bernard Baruch, now a great financier in New York.

"When the merger took place, the U.D.C. Chapter was named for General John Bratton, the highest ranking officer living in the county at the time. A great dinner was given in honor of the veterans, and barrels of lemonade were on the picnic grounds for their refreshment every Memorial Day.

"The ranks of veterans grew thinner and thinner as the years rolled by, and now there is only one left, my husband, Warren. Our Chapter once honored me with the presidency. We contributed funds to the erection of the Jefferson Davis Memorial, the Arlington Monument, the Shiloh Monument, and others. At present, the chapter is subscribing and maintaining scholarships in different institutions of learning; namely, Winthrop, the University of South Carolina, and the Confederate Home College.

"Now I recall a sentence in the blue-back speller, 'Visitors should not make their visits too long'"